

“The Draper’s Letters,”—that issued originally from the Dublin press. London drew to itself the literary ability of Ireland, and absorbed and assimilated it, just as it did a portion of that of Scotland, represented by the Burnets, Thomsons, Armstrongs, Arbuthnots, Meikles, and Smolletts of the three last ages; and in London the Irish became simply Britons, and served to swell the general stream of British literature. But Scotland retained not a few of her most characteristic authors; and her capital,—in many respects less considerable than Dublin,—formed a great literary mart, second at one time, in the importance and enduring character of the works it produced, to no other in the world. Nothing, however, can be more evident than that this state of things is passing away. During the last quarter of a century one distinguished name after another has been withdrawn by death from that second great constellation of Scotchmen resident in Edinburgh to which Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Jeffrey belonged; and with Sir William Hamilton the last of the group may be said to have disappeared. For the future, Edinburgh bids fair to take its place simply among the greater provincial towns of the empire; and it seems but natural to look upon her departing glory with a sigh, and to luxuriate in recollection over the times when she stood highest in the intellectual scale, and possessed an influence over opinion co-extensive with civilized man.

We have been led into this train by the perusal of one of the most interesting volumes which has issued from the Scottish press for several years,—“Memorials of his Time; by Henry Cockburn.” Lord Cockburn came into life just in time to occupy the most interesting point possible as an observer. He was born nearly a year before Chalmers, only eight years after Scott, and about fourteen years before Lockhart. The place he occupied in that second group of eminent